Vol. III. Numb. 18.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are Added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by ſome of the Society of GENTLEMEN, Concern'd in the Firſt and Second VOLUME, with the Aſſiſtance of other Ingenious PERSONS.

From Friday May 5th. to Monday May 7th. 1710.

Q. GENTLEMEN, *I generally Exerciſe my Thoughts on Sinful Objects when I endeavor to Employ 'em on the contrary; therefore I deſire you to Inſtruct me how I may in ſome meaſure be able to Command, Diſſipate, or Divert 'em. You'll Oblige your very*

Humble Servant and Admirer, R T.

A. Our Thoughts are not to be counted Evil only from the Objects of them; if they were, Sinful Thought, wou'd be unavoidable; for there can be no Living or Converſing in the World, this great Scene of Wickedneſs, without ſometimes thinking of that which is Evil. The only Thing renders the Thoughts Sinful is entertaining Evil Objects in the Mind with Complacency and Satisfaction, and not with a juſt Abhorrence and Deteſtation. The Nature of the Mind is ſuch that there will be a Conſtant Involuntary Succeſſion of Ideas but good and bad; nor is it poſſible for the moſt wary and attentive Man to fix upon any one Object long whether Good or Bad, but he will be Interrupted by ſome new Object preſenting itſelf. In this the Mind is purely Paſſive; nor can it be eſteemed a Fault becauſe Natural and unavoidable. All that is in a Man's Power in this Caſe or that Caſe or that he is Obliged to do, is only to obſerve diligently what the Ideas are that thus take their Turns in his Underſtanding to direct their ſort, and call in ſuch to his uſe as he finds may be profitably conſidered of.

Q. *Whether the Waters upon the Face whereof the Spirit of God moved* (Gen. 1. 2.) *are to be underſtood of what is uſually called the Element of Water in particular, or of all, or any other part of matter, capable of being diſſolved into what we call Water, or as Water it ſelf is?*

Whether the ſame Spirit of God, which is then ſaid to have moved upon the Face of the Waters, continued to move upon the ſame in the ſeveral Works of the Six Days, uſually called the Ἐξαήμερον?

Whether ſuppoſing the ſame Spirit of God to have continued to move upon the Waters in the ſeveral Works of the Six Days, it doth not ever after continue to move in the continuing and preſerving what Works were produced in the ſame, or what ever after were to be produced by any of the ſame after their kind?

The Anſwer to theſe Queſtions being what may lay a Foundation for a New Hypotheſis in Natural Philoſophy will deſerve the Thoughts, and juſtify the Character, and Stile of the Wiſeſt Apollo. *And as ſuch I Addreſs to you,* Gentlemen, *being ready to follow with ſuch other Queſtions as may lead through all parts of Natural Knowledge, and ſupply what is ſtill wanting or Erroneous in any other of the Syſtems, we already have.*

A. We are not Ambitious of the Honors of being the Founders of New Hypotheſes either in Religion or Phyloſophy. In regard eſpecially to the Origin of Things it is our Opinion that the moſt Rational Account of them is to be found in the moſt Ancient Writers, tho' indeed by the Heathens ſomtimes obſcured by Fables and Allegories. For the State of the Primitive *Chaos* being a Matter of Fact we ought to obſerve what Hiſtory and Ancient Tradition ſays of it, rather than what ſeems agreeable to our own Private Reaſon or Fancy, as if we cou'd preſcribe proper Rules for God to Work by, or as if his Operations muſt have been in ſuch and ſuch a Manner, becauſe they wou'd otherwiſe be Repugnant to our Reaſon. The Tradition of the Ancients may the more ſafely be depended on in this Caſe, becauſe in the main it agrees with the *Moſaick* Account of the Creation, and in ſome particulars is more large than *Moſes* himſelf. Particularly that the *Chaos* was not a meer Elementary Water (which according to the Doctrin of *Thales* was the Principle of all Things) but a Confus'd Heterogeneous Maſs of Corpuſcles, which muſt have been in a Fluid State, becauſe Water and Air wou'd make a conſiderable Part of this Mixture. Such was the State of the firſt Matter (according to the Teſtimonies Cited by *Grotius, de Verit. Rel. Chr. L. 1. Sect. 16.*) upon which the Spirit of God moved, that is excited

ſuch Motions and Fermentations in the ſeveral Parts of it, as were neceſſary for that Diſpoſition of Nature on which the Future Frame of Things was to depend. If then you intend by theſe Queſtions that we ſhou'd deduce a new Scheme of Natural Knowledge by making Water the Sole Principle of all Things, we ſhall have both Tradition and Reaſon againſt us, as we can prove by many Arguments. But if your meaning be only to ſhew, that after this firſt Diſpoſition of Matter, the reſt of the Six Days Work, and the Conſervation of Things in their preſent Frame, is not left meerly to Mechanical Principles, but is owing to the Direction of the immediate Hand of God: of this, we think there are ſo many evident Arguments, ſo fully ſhewn by other Authors, that it is not neceſſary to inſiſt farther on them. Notwithſtanding if you will pleaſe to give us ſome farther Light into your Deſign, we ſhall not refuſe to Aſſiſt you what we can in your Enquiries.

Q. Gentlemen, *Be pleas'd to give me an Impartial Account of the Life and Death of* Arrius, *Prieſt of* Alexandria, *and his Character. But pray, don't take neither, from his avouch'd Enemy* Athanaſius *Biſhop of* Alexandria's, *Account nor from his Friend* Euſebius *Biſhop of* Nicom.

Pray Gentlemen, *be pleas'd to Quote your Author's in this Queſtion. I am*, Gentlemen, *your moſt Humble Servant and Old Subſcriber*,

J. Black.

A We have extracted the following Account of his Life and Death from *Theodoret* and *Socrates*. He was a Prieſt of *Alexandria*, of which City he endeavoured to make himſelf Biſhop, but being diſappointed he proved the great Diſturber of the Chriſtian World by Broaching Erroneous Opinions concerning the Doctrin of the Trinity, of which he was Convicted and upon that Excommunicated. But being a Cunning Popular Man, he gained ſuch a Party over to his Opinion and Intereſt, that tho' he had been admoniſhed by the Emperor *Conſtantine* to retract his Errors, he continued Obſtinate, till he was Baniſhed and his Writings ordered to be Burnt by the General Council of *Nice*, which had been Aſſembled by Command of the Emperor upon this Occaſion. Notwithſtanding by the Intereſt of the Emperor's Siſter *Conſtantia* and of *Euſebius* Biſhop of *Nicomedia*, a Perſon of a Scandalous Life, his Cauſe was brought to another Hearing. Upon which Occaſion there happened a Terrible Conteſt between this *Euſebius* and *Alexander* then Biſhop of *Conſtantinople* where the Council was Aſſembled. *Alexander* ſhut himſelf up in the Temple and earneſtly Pray'd that God wou'd free the Church from thoſe Vexatious Diſputes and appear in Defence of Truth which was like to be Oppreſſed. The next Morning after he had thus Prayed, *Arrius* coming with his Friends to the Place of Council, felt a Severe Griping in his Guts, upon which he went aſide to an Houſe of Eaſement, into which together with his Excrements he voided his Bowels and in this great Torment Died.

Q. Gentlemen, *I have always obſerv'd you to be compaſſionate to our Sex, and muſt acquaint you, that perhaps you never had a greater Object of Compaſſion than my ſelf. I am Young, Plump, Healthy, and if I am not flatter'd, not Unhandſome; and by my Friends Diſpoſal am Marry'd to one, at beſt can be eſteemed but a Mock man, or indeed, rather the ſhadow of a Man. He is ſo Carrion-lean, that the clattering of his Bones, when he goes along the Street, frightens the Children. When a Bed with him, I lie with a Porcupine, expecting every minute his Bones like their Quills in my ſides. Being abroad very late one Night, he was taken up and put in the Counter, tho' poor Man, I believe all his Fault was, that his Legs were not able to bring him home ſooner; except the Conſtable taking him for a Skelleton, committed him for frightening all the Watch from their Duty. In the Counter he got three or four Lice, which dropt of next Day ſtarv'd to Death. If he goes abroad in windy Weather, we are forced to convey ſome Leaden-weights into his Pockets, leaſt a blaſt ſhou'd convey him to ſome foreign Climate, and put me to great Expence to recover him back.* Now, Gentlemen, *pray give me your Opinion, whether I may not be lawfully Div'rc'd from this* Signior Shadow, *ſince I can eaſily prove there is not one Inch of Manhood about him? Methinks ſince ſome particular Defects admit of a Divorce, it might eaſily be allow'd where one is nothing but Defects all over: Nay, and when it is doubtful whether he of Humane Race, and was not like a* Spaniſh *Gennet got by the Wind. But if the Lye cannot be diſſolv'd, pray inform me to what uſe I ſhall put him, for he had a conſiderable Fortune with me, and I would have ſomething for my Money.*

A. Indeed, *Madam*, your Caſe is very deplorable, for ſince your Parents had only a negative Voice, we muſt conclude you accepted him with all his Faults, and tho' particular Defects may admit of a Divorce, they are inviſible ones, now we find nothing was viſible in him, but his Defects: Therefore you muſt be contented with HAVE AND TO HOLD, as long as he holds together, which yet you have the comfortable Hopes cannot be long, for his Bones grinding upon one another will ſoon be reduc'd to Powder. But ſince we find nothing in the Matrimonial Vow that obliges you to load his Pockers with Lead, why did you not leave him to the Mercy of the Winds, by this he might have ſailed round the World, and 'tis Ten Thouſand Pounds to a Nutſhell, that he had never lighted on the ſame Point of Land again: or if you wou'd not part with him in ſuch manner, at leaſt you might have had ſome Diverſion with him, by tying a Packthread to him, and flying him for a Kite. Yet ſince it will be ſome ſatisfaction to you, to know what uſe you might put him to, we can inform you of ſeveral Uſes. You might by conveying an Artificial Phoſphorus into him, have made him (by reaſon of his Tranſparency) ſerve for a Lanthorn. Or, (Cherrey time coming on) he wou'd make an Excellent Maukin, for the Cluttering of his Bones would doubtleſs fright the Birds beyond all the modern Snappers. Or he wou'd make a ſet of Scittle Pins. His Arms, Legs and Thighs would tell Eight, and to ſupply the want of what might more properly be term'd ſuch, his Backbone might be the middle Pin, and his Scull the Bowl. But above all, take care to walk him abroad at Sun riſing every Morning, being firſt well Liquor'd, and you will have a chance, that the Sun may may attract him, and if he once gets above the Atmoſphere, the weakeſt Columne of Air will ſecure him from ever falling again to the Earth.

Q. *I deſire to know when you are at leiſure, the meaning of the Old Poetical Saying, Thus*

March borrows of *April*
Three Days, and they are ill;
April returns them back again
Three Days, and they are Rain.

A. Proverbs relating to the Weather, cannot be founded on any Certainty, it is a ſufficient Ground for ſuch, if it more frequently happens, according

to

to the purport of them. The meaning of this is, that it is more ſeaſonable for the end of *March* and the beginning of *April*, to be Fair, but often

March *does from* April *gain,*
Three Days and they're in Rain;
Return'd by April *in's bad kind,*
Three Days, and they're in VVind.

POEMS.

OF all the Veins that flow their ſteady Rounds
Within this Mortal Frame of mine, methinks
The Muſes *ſwell, the largeſt, and with ſway*
Deſpotic, all th' Inferior reſt Command.
When loud Tongu'd Fame wafts from Belgick *Plains,*
Such ſtrange Relates, as ſhock Credulity;
Whilſt Scences ſhe repreſents, where feeble Mortals
Outdo the Celebrated Acts of Ancient Gods;
When EUGENE's *Name ſounds from her full blown* (*Trump*
Sonorous, awful, and the Raviſh'd World
Rebounds, the God *of* War! *Mankinds Delight,*
I ſtand agaſt ——————
But when ſhe Summons in her ſtrength, contracts
Her Spirits to become all Voice, and Form,
A Sound ſhall more amaze (if more can be
Th' expecting World, and MARLBROUGH's *Name* (*pronounces)*
Marlbro' *the* Britiſh Hero, Marlborough
Bulwark and Glory of the Great'ſt of QUEENS,
Sole Arbritrator *of the Chance of* War,
The Vanquiſher of vain, inſulting Tyrants,
Heav'n's Favorite *and her peculiar Care;*
Like the Young Macedonian *I'm Inflam'd*
VVith Honours juſtly paid my Blood, and wiſh
His Triumphs leſs, that Fame *might leave*
Some Topics unexhauſted. High Reſolves
Straight forms my Eager Mind; The Duſty Plain,
It's Toilſome Labour's, and it's long Fatigue,
The ghaſtly Dangers of the fatal Day,
VVhen the ſtern God *of* War *his Offſpring Marſhals,*
Horrid, Blood-thirſty in the Field of Battle,
The Dreadful onſet, where the Clang of Arms,
The Hiſs of various Hell-like Inſtruments,
The Direful Groans of Mangl'd gaſping Mortals,
Dreſs up ſtern Death in each Majeſtic Horror,
Seem a ſmooth eaſy Path that I wou'd tred to Glory.
Thus Roll my Heated Thoughts, 'till Ebbing back,
Calm Reaſon Reaſſumes *her Seated uſurp'd,*
In vain ſays ſhe ——*'Tis now too late*
To enter on the the Queſt of Glory, all
Fam's Garlands *are beſtow'd, and kindly blooming*
On Heads they better do become than yours;
Quit then th' unequal chaſe, and Cultivate your Muſe,
In grateful Numbers, with your Country joyn,
To Conſecrate to long Poſterity,
Thoſe God-like Deeds that never ought to Dye,
Say, GOD APOLLO *then, for you (the Source*
Of Knowledge as the Parent of ſoft Numbers)
Beſt can inform what ev'ry Genius *will bear)*
Shall I forſaking ſafe Inglorious Eaſe,
Cluſe the Rough Trade of VVar, in Horrid Arms,
Fly to yon field of fate, and there contend
For Glory *and for* Fame *with* Riſing Gods,
Or elſe ſecure and ſtill, in Native ſhades,
VVith Aſpect more Benign, thoſe Actions Sing
Unenvy'd, I'm contented they alone ſhou'd do?

Yours, PHILODOX.

A. Enough there are to *Quell* the *Tyrant's* Pow'rs,
And ſtem the Torrent of his Impious Pride;
Altho' like *Lucifer*, he ſoars a loft,
And vainly Claims a Throne among the *Gods*;
See where like him, Oppreſs'd with Loads of Guilts,
He ſinks from his Imaginary Height,
See how the *Genius* of his Nation Shrinks,
Before the awful Front of *MARLBOROUGH*:
Whilſt all his Legions fly with Pannic Fear,
Nor can abide the Frowns ſit on his Brow.
So Cuſtom'd their Poſteriors to expoſe
To view, our Forces will in time forget
A *French Man's Face*, and know 'em but by *Flight.*
Thus *Gen'rous Youth*, w' adviſe you to decline,
The *Camp*, already by United Pow'rs,
Triumphant, not requiring further Aids.
And for another Work prepare the Mind,
(Tho' not of equal Toyl) of equal Glory;
To Sing to Future Times the *Hero's* Praiſe.
Here is a Field ſo large it will Employ,
Your Brighteſt Thoughts and Talleſt *Images*;
Dreſt with an *Emphaſis* is all *Sublime.*
Thoſe *Champions* which the former times for *Gods*,
Tranſmitted down to long Poſterity,
Will ſerve for Foils to ſet your *Hero's* off.
The *Roman Braves*, whom Conqueſts always (Crown'd,
Leading the Captive World in Servile Chains.
Such Vict'ries ne'er cou'd boaſt for they Subdu'd,
Nations unarm'd, and void of Arts and Science.
But Great *EUGENE's* and *MARLBOROUGH's* (Efforts,
Were made upon the Eldeſt Sons of *Fame*,
Both for Politics and Feats of their Arms.
Let theſe then be your Theams, enough to Dream,
The Source Immenſe, of Shining Eloquence;
And whilſt by you they *Live*, their *Glorious Names*
Will alſo give *You Immortality.*

Q. Dear Gentlemen, *Inform me when Men will* (*leave*
Deceiving, and VVomen Believing.

DORINDA.

A. When

A. When the *Golden-Age* returns, and Men
Deteſt Lies, and Women grow Wiſe.

Q. *Kind* Britiſh Apollo,
Reſolve me to Morrow,
If over or nnder my Tongue, I do Swallow?
And you'll Oblige, DOLLY.

A. To ſay over or under,
Is all but a Blunder,
'Tis behind it, ſome ſpace divides 'em a Sunder.

☞ Any Perſon may have the *Index* to the Second Volume of the *Britiſh Apollo*, alſo whole Sets Bound or Unbound, and Single Sheets to make up Sets of the ſaid Volume, of the Men in their Walks, or of *J. Mayo*, over againſt *Water-Lane, Fleet-Street.*

SIR,

THE Letters from Paris, May the 9th. Adviſe that the Marſhal de Villars has taken leave of the Court in order to ſet the next Day for Cambray; That Orders are ſent to Picardy to Ruin the Country entirely between Arras and the River Somme to prevent the Enemy from finding any Subſiſtence therein: The Advices from the Confederate Camp before Doway, May the 10th, are that ſince the Enemy on the 7th, made a Sally, to prevent the like for the Future, ſeveral Redoubts are Raiſed along the Trenches, and ſuch Diſpoſitions are made to give them a warm Reception as they will ſcarce venture out again: That one of our Works is advanced almoſt to the Ditch before the firſt Covered Way, that part of the heavy Artillery was expected that Night in the Camp or next Morning; That Marſhal de Villars Equipage is arrived at Cambray; but he is not expected in the Army till the 15th from. From Lille May the 11th. 'tis Adviſed that on the 10th, at Night the Heavy Artillery arrived in the Camp before Doway; That the Letters from the Enemies Frontiers Adviſe, that the French begin to form themſelves apace, and give out (according to their uſual Boaſting, that coſt what it will they will Fight the Allies, and endeavour to Raiſe the Seige of Doway, and they pretend likewiſe to be ſtronger than the Allies; that the Advices from Antwerp are that they Write from Doway, that they ſhou'd Batter the Place that Afternoon with 50 Pieces of Cannon, and they expected it wou'd Surrender by the 25th Inſtant.

Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

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MR. *Roger Grant*, OCULIST, who has been ſo ſucceſsful in Couching the Cateract and Curing all other Curable Diſtempers in the Eyes, lives in St. *Chriſtopher's Church-Yard*, where he has lately brought to Sight theſe Perſons under-nam'd. *W. Jones*, at *Newington-Buts*, aged 20, born blind, reſtored to Sight in 5 Minutes. *Robert Wedell*, in *Fiſhmonger's-Hoſpital, Newington*, aged 70, reſtored to Sight in 2 Minutes. *Mary Dearing*, in *Swan-Yard* near *Newgate*, aged 75, reſtored to Sight in one Minute. *Elizabeth Wild*, in *Bell-Alley Goſwell Street*, blind of one Eye 23 Years, reſtored to Sight in 5 Minutes. *Will Dixon*, in *Chelſea-College*, aged 87, reſtor'd to Sight in 5 Minutes. *John Myers* on *Saffron-Hill*, blind by Obſtruction of the *Optick Nerves*, reſtor'd to Sight in a little time. Mr. *Williams*, in *Peter-Street Old Soho*. *Anne Andrews* in *Goſwell-Street*. *Saywell Luthen*, at *Adam's Coffee-Houſe Chancery-Lane*. *Anne Allen*, in *Nightingal Lane*. *Anne Lee*, at the *Croſs Keys* Tavern lower-end of St. *Martin's-Lane Strand*. Mr. *Goldby* Porter, near *Fiſhmonger's-Hall, Thames-Street*. *NOTE*, Theſe Perſons with 45 others have been all cur'd by the aforeſaid Mr. *Grant* ſince *Sept.* 1708.

Juſt Publiſh'd.

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